
POEMS +
AND LYRICS



ARTHUR L. DYSART



Waters p. 62

75-
signed
by author

To
Mr and Mrs. Birney
with best wishes

Ever yours

Anthony L. Dysart

1686

POEMS
AND
LYRICS

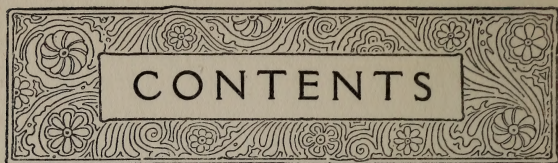
BY
ARTHUR L. DYSART



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To

Mr. Andrew Stewart



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To my Father



I KNOW you'll feel a sense of joy
When glancing o'er these playful rhymes ;
I know that you will prize them, too,
With all their faults and silly chimes,
For you have always known my taste
And ever watched with patient eye,
In hopes to see my youthful lays
Ere summoned to Eternity.

To My Father.

Dear Father, if my cherished hopes
Will crown at length my youthful dream ;
With thee to honour and to please,
I may these many faults redeem.
The Tide of Hope, now full and deep,
O'er Fancy's Ocean sweeps along,
Bearing my yearning soul afar
To distant realms of sweeter song.





To Mother in Heaven

MY life is dark, lonely and weary,
The tide of ambition has waned ;
The path that awaits me is dreary,
My efforts are weak and constrained.

I wander alone here this even'
Awaiting a vision of thee,
As a message from angels in Heaven,
A guidance and comfort to me.

To Mother in Heaven

I feel that the Fates are against me ;
They will not encourage my theme :
I hear them disclaim it before thee,
And I wonder if all is a dream.

When bright hopes have vanished before me
In my dark, gloomy hours of despair,
I turn with assurance unto thee
And find consolation in prayer.

As the moon in her silvery brightness
Sheds her beauty afar o'er the sea,
My thoughts of thine infinite goodness
Awaken thine image in me.



The Old Grove

I STILL love to loiter around the old grove
When the sweet breath of evening comes over the lea,
And dream of the loved ones with whom I did rove
When childhood's sweet fancies were vivid and free ;
I linger alone 'neath the hallowed old tree
And gaze on thy name which I carved in a scroll,
While a train of sweet memories arises in me —
O, why wert thou ever so dear to my soul.

The Old Grove

Could I ever forget thee in all these long years?

Shall I ever abandon the soul of my dream—
To be foremost in battle, to triumph o'er fears,
To merit thy praise and to win thy esteem?
If ever a thought did my spirits elate
And grapple my soul within ecstasy's twine,
'Twas that I should some day be famous and great,
And realize hopes that in childhood were mine!

Perchance you'll return, in the twilight of life
When youth's sweetest flower is faded and gone;
You'll then know the meaning of trial and strife,
And dream of the joys that were ever our own.
Ah, then may you think of the days that are past,
And lingering here in a shadow recall
The fondest old dream that awakens at last—
Yes, childhood's first love was the sweetest of all!



April Showers

APRIL showers falling,
Falling o'er the lea,
And my soul's recalling
Memories of thee.

Sweet as April showers
Falling everywhere,
Waken happy hours
Of the days that were.

April Showers

Now do I recall thee
By the murm'ring stream,
Wand'ring ever with me
As 'twere in a dream.

Sweet as birdies' twitter
In the silent tree,
Fancies wake and flitter
Through my memory.

Night is closing o'er me,
Zephyrs faintly sigh,
Yet I'm dreaming of thee
Dear, beyond the sky.

April Showers

Still I linger lonely
'Neath this hallowed tree,
Thinking of thee only,
Wrapt in reverie.

Still the rain is falling,
Falling over me,
And my soul's recalling
Memories of thee.





The Rover

WHO is he that wanders out
In early autumn morn,
And lingers here and there about
Among the yellow corn ;
And thence away among the hills
And by the rippling streams,
Delighted with the charm that fills
His soul with noble dreams !

The Rover

And who is he that loves to rove

Alone at noon of day,

Around the quiet, shady grove

To watch the squirrels play ;

And hear the merry chickadee

Proclaim his sweetest song,

And robins perching in the tree

Th' enchanted notes prolong !

And oft when twilight winds are still

He loves to wander far,

To hear the plaintive whip-poor-will,

And 'wait the evening star ;

And dream of dear departed days

And friends forever gone

To brighter scenes, 'mid spangled rays,

Alas, denied to none !

The Rover

And him you'll see alone at night
 Beneath the silent moon,
Enraptured with the heavenly light—
 Enchanted mystic gloom ;
While through his burning, thrilling soul
 Poetic fancies chime
In sweetest accents that unroll
 In playful, jingling rhyme.



The Ballroom Phantom



HE was a phantom, yet withal
A lady of angelic mien,
Fairest, she that graced the ball,
That gay Jamaica e'er had seen ;
A sweet, bewitching, winning smile
That claims a conquest at a glance ;
Such tones of voice as cares beguile
And all thy brightest hopes enhance.

The Ballroom Phantom

Amid that mirthful throng she moved
With modest, sweet, phantastic ease,
Awaiting him whom she approved
To kindle all her powers to please.
Ah, happy whose aspiring soul
The impulse of approval felt,
For oft before that living goal
His very image must have knelt.

Ah, me ! I felt as one transferred
To climes of which I ne'er had dreamed
'Mid waking souls ; and I preferred
To all, her winning glance, which seemed
With purer, nobler love imbued,
And strength of moral character
Endowed ; and I, transfixed, pursued
Her soul in fancy's mystic sphere.

The Ballroom Phantom

But all is past; and here I stray
Alone adown the dark'ning shore,
Enraptured mid the foaming fray
And wild, incessant, deaf'ning roar.
Away! away! Ye elements
In Time's unchallenged mighty roll
Are best prepared to thee hence,
My raving, frantic, fired soul.





Sonnet

(To C. H. F. D.)

DEAR Sister : I have come to think of thee,
In all the depths and sorrows of my soul,
As one late come from Heaven to enroll
My life in Hope's sublime eternity ;

For thou, my Guardian Angel, art to me
The source of strength, wherewith I can control
Distractions wild, and thereto canst console
And guide my life through Death's dark mystery.

Sonnet

Dear Girl : may you, thus favoured from above,
Continue so to heal the wounds of life
And bind the breaking heart, that he, thy dear,

Now blessed and strengthened by thy love,
May dash like lion in the midst of strife
And triumph over trial, care and fear!





Longing

THOUGH calm and silent be the eve
And warm the southern breeze,
Ah, nothing can my soul relieve
And set my heart at ease!
Though little birdies sweetly sing,
And fragrant flowers bloom,
Yet sorrow 'round my life will cling
And shroud my soul in gloom.

Longing

Afar o'er dewy hills I stray
When cheerily smiles the dawn,
But oh, my heart is far away
And brightest hopes are gone!
I feel my inmost spirit yearn
For some transcendent goal;
I feel that fiery passion burn
Through all my tingling soul.

Ah, soon 'neath Scottish skies serene
I'll wander all alone,
A thought of thee will paint the scene;
I'll love thee as mine own.
The broad expanse of ocean wild
Between thee, Love, and me,
Will vanish as a thing defiled
When I but think of thee.



Verses

(On meeting a Lady of rare mental attainments but
with slight facial defects.)



A HUMAN being breathing life
And blessed with hope and love ;
With mind and soul as pure as those
Of angels from above.

And must a single human flaw
Her highest hopes reject ?
And must she linger on through life
Consigned to cold neglect ?

Herkes

And must her love be never known?
Her sighs be never heard?
Must sweetest fragrance brook disdain
Because the flower is seared?

Ah no! For in the perfect soul,
However poorly dress'd,
The purest, sweetest, noblest thoughts
Forevermore will rest.

O God, that man could only see
Beyond the facial clime
Into the character and soul,
That tarnish not with time!



To My Little Nieces

(Miriam and Kathleen Allison)



I COULD sit for many hours
When you children are at play,
Musing in a quiet manner
On the artless things you say ;
Pond'ring, too, on human nature,
As before me now 'tis seen ;
Thinking, too, in silent wonder
What this varied world can mean.

To My Little Nieces

Often you are bright and cheerful
 Beaming o'er with childish glee,
Simply all infatuated
 Climbing wildly over me ;
Then, again, the world is dreary
 And you feel its growing pain,
Then you cry and sob together —
 And the world is bright again.

Purest, dearest of earth's treasures,
 How my soul goes out to you !
O could you remain forever
 Loving, innocent and true !
Faces bright as sweetest roses,
 Long ere they begin to fade ;
Voices sweet as birdies singing
 In a quiet fragrant shade.

To My Little Nieces

Such are you, my little cherubs,
 With your ever sunny smiles ;
Such the music of your voices,
 Such your sly, endearing wiles ;
Such your bright, ingenious questions
 When in asking things of me,
You anticipate my answers
 And avert them cunningly.

Charming, winning little children,
 Ever full of brightest hope ;
Making all around you happy —
 Truthful as the heliotrope ;
Making Age forget its misery,
 Dreaming over youthful days ;
Adding sunshine unto darkness —
 Teaching Life the better ways.

To My Little Nieces

Will you be as bright and hopeful
When your infant charms are gone?
Will you still delight my fancy
When the flow'r of youth is blown?
Will your sunny dispositions
Linger in a wrinkled brow?
God forbid that souls immortal
Should to mortal nature bow!

Let me hope, then, that forever
You'll maintain your artless ways,
Never getting false conceptions
Of the charms of female ways!
Education is a glory
If it polish artless worth;
But beware of all veneering —
Curse to mortals here on earth!



Intrinsic Worth



TES, thou wert fair !
And I did see
Thine auburn hair
In ringlets free
Twine gracefully
About a pair
Of cheeks that ne'er
Have known a care.

Intrinsic Worth

But now, 'tis true
That you've outgrown
The charms we knew
Were yours alone,
For they have flown
Away from you
Like pearls of dew
From violets blue.

And though to me
You've now grown old,
Yet can I see
New joys untold
Their wings unfold,
And I with thee
Could blessèd be
To Eternity.

Intrinsic Worth

But Age, my dear,
Hath small control,
And cannot blear
A perfect soul —
Heaven's goal —
For e'en the bier
Will draw us near
Th' Eternal Sphere.





To Mrs. S. J. P.

(Occasioned by Her Father's Death.)



IT came at last, 'mid grief and pain,
That long expected night,
And bore your father, freed from pain,
To realms of blessèd light.

And yet, my dear, 'twere better so,
For oh the pain and grief
That shrouded all his later years,
Ere Heaven deigned relief.

To Mrs. S. J. P.

And happier far, we fondly hope,
Whom ripe old age o'erwhelms,
Bearing aloft 'mid angel throngs
To the eternal realms.

Yet you will ever lonely be,
And oft will weep, I know,
For e'en though old, we cannot bear
That even they must go.

Yes, life has sorrows, cares and woes
And you have known them all;
Hope, only, now for you remains
Till you obey the Call.

To Mrs. S. J. P.

But there is virtue in a life
For others' comfort spent!
Despair not then, 'twill come to thee
Whence thy dear father went!

And what is life apart from deeds,
And deeds apart from love?
The sweetest flow'r, though here unknown,
Will bloom in Heaven above.

But oh, the silent bitter tears
That speak of secret woe,
And yearnings of the speechless soul
That Heaven alone will know!



The Wreck of the Adona.

(A Fragment.)



NOVEMBER'S bleak inconstant blast
Swept o'er the dark'ning, deep'ning sea
And mingling, roused the watery waste
Unto its frantic, frenzied glee ;
Th' ill-omened gulls wild hovered o'er
And welcome bade the whit'ning wave,
The ocean's deep'ning, thund'ring roar
Gave warning of a watery grave.

The Wreck of the Adona

Night came ; and far along the coast
The rising, surging billows foamed ;
The skipper feared the approaching host
And steered his anxious course for home.
Alone upon the dismal waste
The stately, grand Adona lay,
Her wings enfurled, her cables fast,
Ignoring the approaching fray.

* * * *





Winter

BLEAK December's bitter winds
Whistle o'er the dreary hills,
Through the lofty naked pines,
Through the slender, helpless vines—
Bitter chill.

Little birds have flown away
Unto sunny southern climes,
Where the flowers bloom to stay,
Where all creatures love to play
At all times.

Winter

Dreary, lonely, bleak and cold
Over hills and rivers all,
Bitter Frost her wings unfold,
Shrouding river, hill and wold
In hoary pall.

Now the children run and slide,
Laughing, shouting merrily,
Down along the river-side,
Out upon the river wide,
Joyfully.

Starry moonlight winter night,
Let me glide on polished steel
When my soul is gay and light,
When my sweetheart's young and bright
True and real.



When Evening Falls

O SOFTLY sigh the evening winds
O'er quiet fragrant vales,
Around the grove and o'er the hills
Afar in shady vales;
The twinkling stars o'erspan the sky,
The zephyrs whisper low,
And in the lofty maples waft
The leaflets to and fro.

When Evening Falls

A down yon crystal winding stream
That murmurs on its way
To muse on nature's boundless charms
I spend the close of day;
And there on shady, flowery banks,
'Mid eglantine and rose
I sit and list to birdies sing
And there my rants compose.

The distant foaming waterfall
That echoes through the glen,
Adjoins a quiet rippling stream
Meandering through the fen,
O'er which the stately elms and birches
Twine in thicket bound,
And far along the graceful banks
Sweet flowers wild abound.

When Evening Falls

The robins warbling in the trees,
The air with music fill,
While noisy frogs along the stream
Resound far o'er the hill,
And soothe the little birds to rest
That twitter in the bower,
And charm the wanderer's 'tentive ear
Till high the moon doth glower.





Lost



QUIETLY,
Quietly,

Over the deep'ning sea

The silent moon kept peaceful watch and mild,

Bringing from above

Messages of love

To a mother and her orphan child.

Lost

Thoughtlessly,
Thoughtlessly,
Had the angry sea
Hurled that father from his little barque,
Gone beneath the foam
To the Great Unknown
Realms beyond the ocean deep and dark.

Peacefully,
Peacefully,
Baby is slumb'ring free
While the mother, bowed in silent grief,
Losing all control,
Rends her very soul
Unto Heaven, calling for relief.

Lost

Hopelessly,
Hopelessly,
Gazing on the sea
Dark, remorseless, grim, deceiving deep,
Seeking but her love,
Now in Heaven above
Where the chosen blessed of ages sleep.

Fervently,
Fervently,
Does she pray to see
Her loved one coming o'er the moonlit main,
Bringing love and mirth—
Heaven here on earth—
To their little cottage home again.

Lost

Silently,
Silently,
Over the placid sea
The moon unheeding sheds her mellow light,
Watching o'er his grave
'Neath the murm'ring wave
Through the lonely dreary hours of night.





To the Class of 1908

(Written for the University Monthly, October, 1908)



INTO the wide world of discord and strife
Fully prepared have you gone!
Then fear not lest, in the wild battle of life,
Perchance you should be overcome!

As the well nourished acorn in lone barren plains
Soon to the heavens will tow'r,
May you thus enlightened in nobler strains
Bloom forth in wisdom and power!

To the Class of 1908

In the wide range of duty whate'er be your calling
Shrink not when conscience commands !
Success consists not in the masses appalling,
But doing what honour demands !

As the trembling waves in the vast ether realm
Bear a message to lone distant strands,
May your influence borne on swift wings that o'erwhelm
Peer e'en into dark unknown lands !

“For thine is the conflict ; humanity calls ;
Life's not a dream in the clover !
On to the walls ! On to the walls !
On to the walls, and over !”



Reflections After the Ball

LAST night as I glided amid the gay throng
Wild fancies arose that I could not suppress,
For she, I desired, chose others ere long,
And oh, how my soul felt the pangs of distress !
But that only spurred me to nobler dreams
That knew not their bounds in that limited sphere,
For deep in my soul from that moment meseems
The star of my young hope was dawning anear.

Reflections After the Ball

And who has not felt his ambitions inflame

At the peal of the music and glide of the dance,
Soaring aloft amid glory and fame —

Far, far away in a mystical trance!
Beyond all the turmoil of trivial ways,
Beyond all that caters to local refrain,
Into the regions where Fancy's bright rays
Adorn such achievements as only remain!





A Thought

VAIN were all this world, my dear,
Hopeless, all that might endear
Trivial every hope and dream,
Were not things as now they seem!

Let me think not, thou wouldst feign
Have me love thee all in vain,
Building castles in the air
To be shattered unaware!

A Thought

Dearest, let me think not so
While my soul doth fonder glow
Ever hopeful, ever true
Dearest, only Love, to you.



Midnight Praises

SOFTLY through the quiet willows
Midnight winds are whisp'ring low,
Gently wafting 'mid caresses
Tiny leaflets to and fro;
Little birdies meekly twitter—
Wakened by Diana's glows,
Faintly whisp'ring unto Heaven
Praises for their blessed repose.



To _____

O LET me but loiter at twilight
When nature is calm and at rest,
And 'wait the deep silence of midnight
To comfort the sad and oppress'd ;
While Diana ascending in glory
Afar in the twinkling skies
Will tell, as of old, the sweet story,
Recalling fresh tears to my eyes.

Dear girl, that I never had known thee !

That my soul never glowed in thy sight !

I now would be mingling serenely

In purest of earthly delight.

Yet thou'll never know that I loved thee

Nor share the dark lot of my cares,

Though thine image will banish before me

The deep gloom awaiting my years.

Then let me enshrine thee in memory,

And feel that thou wilt not decline

The deep silent love that I bear thee

Though thou, dear, wilt never be mine.

This one thought, oh, then let me cherish

When borne o'er Life's fathomless sea,

And oh, may that image ne'er perish

That ever endeared thee to me !



Memories

COULD I recall again
The sacred days of old,
With all their joyous train
Of memories untold —
The simple ways
Of childhood days
That never can remain !

Memories

Oh, could I now recall
The sense of boundless joy
That permeated all
When I was but a boy !
I might not yearn
For thy return
In vain, thou All-in-All !





Twilight

ALAS, up yonder pleasant neighb'ring hill
Where lifts its form, the lofty shadowed tower,
The village church, beneath the spreading elms
In solemn accents tolls the twilight hour.

Soft o'er the hills the shades of evening fall,
The gentle breezes whisper o'er the green,
While balmy zephyrs murmur through the grove
And nature's charms awake endearing scene.

Twilight

The veil of Night arises in the east

And stealing towards the west in crimson, fades
Afar upon the lofty mountain's breast—
Alike the Aurora in the Arctic wades.

The little lambs upon the pleasant hills

Have ceased their skippin' play o' joyful glee,
Assembling now in quiet peaceful rest
Beneath the massive spreading willow tree.

The milkmaid from the dusky field returns

Singing of youthful love some tender lay,
For happily with her dearest love tonight
She'll wander far adown the moonlit way.

Twilight

Onward, with careless steps, I wandered far
Adown the winding stream that gently flowed
'Mid flowery banks, o'er which the stately elms
Entwined their arms in fragrant arched abode.

The redbreast, perching high upon a bough,
In warbling accents filled the evening air ;
While joyous frogs afar along the stream
Dispelled withal life's misery and care.

Now silence ruled in quiet shady bower
And 'neath the elm, my place of sweet repose,
Where oft I've sat t' wait the rising moon
And muse o'er scenes which memories arouse.

Twilight

Afar into the haunts of other years

Where bloomed the heliotrope and lilac white
I lingered long, but all were faded now,
And nought but solemn aspens met my sight.

But night closed o'er and silence ruled o'er all,
The twinkling stars shot far along the sky,
The silent moon o'er hills began to glower
And mellow light o'er woodlands seemed to sigh.





Johnnie Ward

(An Incident in early School Days)

WRITTEN FOR A LADY FRIEND



I'VE a faithful little friend
 Johnnie Ward,
To whom all my love I lend
 As reward ;
He's sae handsome and sae fair
He's sae innocent and dear
That I cannot be but near
 Johnnie Ward.

Johnnie Ward

Let the people have their say,
 Johnnie Ward !
And then we will have our way,
 Dear, my lord,
For thine eyes sae soft are glowing,
And thy lips with love o'erflowing,
That I feel angelic, knowing
 Thee, my lord.

When our student days are o'er,
 Johnnie Ward,
We will linger here no more,
 Johnnie Ward ;
But we'll doff our cap and gown,
Then we'll seek some other town,
And with thee I'll settle down,
 Johnnie Ward !



At Night

AT night, 'mong the graves, as I linger alone
And watch the wee children at play,
I wonder if they think of those who have flown
Through Eternity's Mystical Way!
But their hearts are so light,
And their faces so bright,
That I feel e'en the dead would approve,
For, could they awake,
They would surely partake
In their innocent spirit of love!

At Night

Then out on the dark bridge I wander afar
In the deep quiet calm of the night,
Awaiting the moon in her silvery car
To enshrine all the City in light;
While the murmuring tide
Sweeping deeper and wide
Bearing farther and farther from me
Fond hopes and dark fears,
Sweet joys and sad tears,
To the Ocean of Mystery.





At My Mother's Grave



I LINGER 'round thy silent grave
But all is still and thou art gone!
I long, I sigh, I yearn, I crave,
Still I'm alone, for thou art flown!
O Mother! Can it ever be,
That all thy fervent love for me
Hath flown for all eternity?
Am I alone?

At My Mother's Grave

A single step to Eternity —

And I'll be there, I know not where !

Mother, I soon will be with thee

Everywhere ! Anywhere

Beyond a world of sighs and tears,

Beyond the pangs of earthly cares,

Beyond the power of fleeting years —

O meet me there !





Evening Walk



O SWEETLY falls the evening calm
O'er mountain, hill and fell,
And down the valley to embalm
The quiet shady dell;
The twitt'ring birds are now at rest
The flowers and leaves are still,
The silent moon in the starry east
Glows over the deep'ning hill.

Evening Walk

How fresh and cool the evening air
That wakes the slumb'ring soul
From all this earthly human care
Unto a nobler goal!
Where, free from all that bows to death,
We soar in realms divine
Imbibing from the Eternal Breath
Things noble and sublime.

Deep in the forest gloom I stray
Beside the murmuring stream
Upon whose waters faintly play
The firmament serene;
And here in awe do I behold
The awful Dome of Time —
The Eye of ages long untold,
Infinite and sublime.

Evening Walk

Then what does all tradition mean,
When I'm confronted here
With all that man has ever seen
From this dependent sphere?
Ancestral gods of peace and war
And ye of Love and Hate,
Have ye unveiled to man the more
Of all that future state?

And yet I feel through all my soul
The averroistic call
For some more universal goal
Than churches all in all;
Beyond the scope of battling creeds
And letter of the Law;
Something to meet our human needs
That hath no mangled flaw.

Evening Walk

And as I wander here alone
Along this shady bank,
Methinks I see in years to come,
One universal rank.
And every man shall do His Will
When battling churches quail;
But there will be no peace until
The Spirit Laws prevail!





Reflection

LONG years have passed since first I strayed with thee,
My dearest friend, along the verdant banks
Of this meandering stream, and in the shade
Of these enchanted elms; and now to me
'Twere but a passing thought of yesterday,
So constant, pleasing hast thou been to me.
Ah yes, thy very personality
Is deeply graven on the inmost soul
Of all my conscious being, and thou art
My angel guide, where all but heavenly hopes

Reflection

Have met with dark disaster, and I feel
Sweet consolation in thy blessed powers —
A last resort, communion in my soul
With all that lies beyond.

Yet must I 'wake
To stern reality? And must I see
My cherished hopes and dreams of youthful years,
My wild romantic flights in Fancy's realms,
Anticipated joys that knew no bounds,
This all-in-all of human life—now torn
And dashed to atoms by a single wave
And swept forever with remorseless roar
In dark Oblivion's gloomy cave forlorn?

Farewell, bright Hope! For thou hast borne afar
The one immortal spark—the only joy
That ever blessed my lot! Alas, my God

Reflection

That I had ever known the boundless joy
And raptured awe that bore th' aspiring soul
In fancy's wildest ecstasy afar
In realms of grand romance ! Had I but known
The charm that Hope extends to them that strive,
I might not now have felt what 'tis to fail
And lose her grace withal. Alas, bright Hope,
That I too late must learn that here below
Grim smiling Evil follows fast upon
And in proportion to the promised joy
That leads the aspiring way !

And still withal
Though I no more shall know thee in this world
Of conscious being, yet will I delight
To treasure thee in memory's fondest dreams,
And dwell upon thine all untiring zeal
And fervent love for me ! In all my dreams,
Thy spirit shall preside and haunt my soul

Reflection

With images sublime; and thou shalt be
The medium, and through thy blessed soul
The emanating All-in-All shall glow
In splend'rous deep effulgence, and imprint
Upon the dim retina of my soul
Such images, as to the astounded eye
Will be as lightning's darting chains, that flash
Against the vaulted deep'ning dark serene
Of Heaven's approaching storm!





All is Past



WE parted at twilight, I said not farewell,
But hurried away to my own quiet home,
For I knew that the sweetest of words could not tell
The deep pure affection that dwelt in my soul.
I knew 'twas the last time we ever should greet
Through the trials and sorrows of many a year,
And I knew, under Heaven, I never could meet
Another, to me, half so genial and dear.

All is Past

Years have gone by, and again we return
Yet neither has known an affection more true.
I saw her but lately, 'twas only to learn —
The only true love was the first that we knew.
Long years will elapse ere I see her again
Yet memory will cherish the days that are past
For deep in my soul shall I ever retain
That fondest and sweetest of dreams till the last.





Little Sorrows

HOW often as we ponder
On hopes forever flown,
We feel our hearts grow fonder
For friends we thought our own!

Our sweetest expectations—
So cherished in a dream—
And bright anticipations,
Are seldom what they seem.

Little Sorrows

And when we seek expression
Of love we can't restrain,
We feel a sad suppression
Where words have proven vain.

Fond words unwisely spoken,
Kind acts misunderstood,
Will leave us here heart-broken —
With intents that were good.

Oh, could our souls e'en whisper
What words can ne'er convey,
Our lives, without a murmur,
Would glide a smoother way!





Visions

I SEE as the shadows of evening fall
A vision, my dearest, of thee,
Like the prettiest rose
That did ever disclose
Thine infinite beauty to me ;
And I linger alone
When the daylight is gone
And fondly sweet mem'ries recall.

Visions

I see in the waters that laughingly flow
Through the meadows afar o'er the lea,
To the murmuring pond
And the river beyond
And thence far away to the sea,
The sunniest smile
That did ever beguile
A susceptible mortal below.

I see in the myriads of twinkling stars
That spangle the Heavens above,
The prettiest eye
That did ever belie
A mortal afflicted with love;
And I wonder and dream
If I'll ever redeem
My soul from that vision afar.



Recollections



O THAT I were young again,
That I were bright and gay,
That I could join the merry throng,
That I could run and play!
And dream again those noble thoughts
That haunted all my youth,
And feel the dictates in my soul
Of innocence and truth!

Recollections

O that I could feel again
That boundless, harmless joy,
That made me feel so glad and free
When I was but a boy !
The soul that gave me such delight
In every thing I saw —
The sunny days, the stormy nights
That wrapt my soul in awe.

How bright and cheerful seem they now
As oft I linger o'er
The scenes that graced those happy days
Now gone forevermore !
The days that bear no traits of woe
Nor cruel pangs of grief,
But childhood's sweetest innocence —
Alas, alas, too brief !

Recollections

Can I forget the little school
Beside the sunny Bay?
Can I forget the children, too,
With whom I used to play?
Can I forget November storms,
Can I forget the roar
Of billows dashing 'gainst the rocks
Along the broken shore?

Dear Home! will years in all their power
Erase one thought of thee,
Will Time eradicate one tie
That binds me unto thee?
Will all the world has ever known
From strand to distant strand,
Claim preference over thee, dear Home,
Thou dearest in the Land?

Recollections

The world is small, yet I could wish
To see it all in all,
Ere I must say a last farewell—
Obedient to His Call;
But ere I go, may I return
To thee, my native land—
To thee, dear Home, where I may dream
Of glories great and grand.

I love thee, dear old sunny Home,
Beside the briny sea!
I love thy people one and all—
They're ever dear to me.
I love the old romantic Point
And balm of gileads tall
That smile o'er all the quiet town
And silent mould'ring wall.

Recollections

I love the Isle and sunny Cape,
I love the Island Bar,
I love the river and its brooks
Meandering afar ;
I love the pretty Chapel Point,
And quiet little town,
The bridge and wharf, to me they're dear
As scenes of great renown.

I love to stray alone at night
When evening calms the sea,
And think of her, forever gone
To Realms of Mystery.
I wonder if she thinks of me
In all these lonely years,
And if 'tis she that comfort brings
When I am lost in tears.

Recollections

Oh, I would give my very life
And brightest hopes erase,
Could I recall a single glimpse
Of my dear Mother's face !
Our home is bright, and yet 'tis dark,
Thy soul but lingers here ;
But oh, the brightness of our home
Wert thou among us, Dear !

How different now those infant joys
That lit my raptured soul,
The hopes and dreams forever flown
Beyond my faint control !
Now dismal trial, strife and gloom
Confront me with a stare ;
And oh, the misery that life
Has destined me to share !

Recollections

O God, why should these childhood days
Be all so clear and bright,
So full of hope, so very real—
A world of dawning light!
While Age goes trembling to the grave
More troubled still in soul,
As though unconscious the approach
To Heaven's Blessèd Goal.



